

JUDITH GOES TO THE FAIR

Drawings by Wilson C. Dexter

BY ANNE SHANNON MONROE

A WOMAN," began the good looking editor, lifting his eyes from a thick bunch of copy and pushing back his eye shade as Judith stopped by his desk, "can upset the plans of the best of men. Cleopatra wrecked Antony; Delilah shore Samson; and now the Lady Botts smashes my plans for Latoona Day at the Fair and shakes her fist in my face. Nothing can successfully go against a woman!"

"—but a woman!" Judith, her slender, pink fingertips on the edge of the work-stained desk, her slim, boyish young body inclined toward the editor, was an autumn picture this early September morning. She wore a severely tailored, dark brown business suit, a crisp, yellow-bordered handkerchief stuck briskly up from the mannish little pocket just over her heart, and a bunch of golden asters erected their heads pertly from her belt. The small, brown beaver hat, below which lay smooth bands of golden brown hair, had the same air of trigness, and yet the final effect of the absurdly mannish outfit was to accentuate the young girl's pristine femininity.

At her words the editor leaned back in his chair, bringing his fingertips together. "You have an idea, Princess. I see it glimmering from the very crisp smartness of that curl just back of your ear,—the one that won't stay flattened down. Why do you insist on flattening them down, Princess?"

"Are you interested in my idea?" She elevated her small, pointed chin.

"Exactly as interested as a man about to be hanged would be to hear that a last-minute reprieve from the Governor was galloping gallowward. He sees the dust—he takes one more breath—while the hangman holds his hand!"

"I wonder if you really do care?" said Judith, frowning, as she accepted the rickety old chair piled with newspapers to which he pointed. "You take it so—frivolously, and Henson said—"

"Seems to me Henson is always saying these days. I think I shall find Henson a job in Seattle."

"Henson says," went on Judith, refusing to meet his eyes, "that not a single member of the reception committee went to Portland on Number One; so of course Latoona Day will be a flat failure, and as you started it, and 'The Union' took Mrs. Botts' side in the controversy, it will be a triumph for them. He said it mattered a great deal in a town of this size whether a paper was popular with the women."

"Wise Henson! It does."

"Then why don't you care?"

"Perhaps because—I care too much." His steady gaze was enigmatical. It made Judith redden and drop her eyes. "You have a plan—Princess?"

She lifted her eyes. "Send me to Portland. A second division is going down in half an hour with the overflow from the country districts. Let me report it."

"Bennett is our regular correspondent during the fair. He will cover whatever there is to cover. It isn't a reporter that we need, Princess: it's a reception line, a crowd, a chance to print a half-page photograph of Latoona ladies shaking hands with the thousands from our dear State who are now doing the fair; it's a crowd, Princess. And while you are a good many, my dear Princess, you are not a crowd. With Bennett there, and you—well, it takes three at the very least to make a crowd; and if I could bring myself to do the sacrificial lamb act and trot along, I'd smash the handsome Bennett. I wouldn't want a crowd."

Judith rose. "I see it's of no use; but I did have a plan."

"It's of a great deal of use. Tell me your plan; you said only to let you report it. Report what, my child? We are slapped in the face by the Lady Botts and still smarting."

"I do not love thee, Doctor Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this alone I know full well,
I do not love thee, Doctor Fell."

"If you were a drinking man," said Judith severely, "I'd think—"

"It's autumn, my dear Princess. Wine is in the air, and you brought a draft of it in with you. Blame yourself."



"I am a committee to invite you to be present and bring us a message from China."

Then his mood suddenly changed and there came back into his eyes their more usual grave look. "What is the inwardness of it all?" he asked. "Do you know Mrs. Botts?"

JUDITH sat down again. "Mrs. Botts owns the Woman's Club, and the Woman's Club is made up of three hundred women of importance. When you own those women you own Latoona."

"U-m-m. Inherit 'em?"

"I don't know how she got her hold, but she gives her whole time to running that club. She's a regular political boss. She makes the schedules, and no one can be elected to office whom she hasn't approved, or even admitted to membership. I've always disliked Mrs. Botts."

"Ah, I see light! Now this Latoona Day business?"

"Well, she took it for granted that she would run it, and without the sanction of the commission appointed fifty clubwomen for the receiving line; but the commission wanted the receiving line selected from ladies regardless of club affiliations, and so it made a second official list. And of course all who were not reappointed got sore, and all who were reappointed were informed by Mrs. Botts at a called meeting last night that loyalty to the club demanded that they just ignore the appointment. Mother was there. She says even the non-club-member appointees are on the club waiting list; so Mrs. Botts had the whip hand all round. She ordered them all to stay quietly at home today and show the men what happens when they take an affair of this kind out of the club's hands—which means, of course, her hands. You see you backed the commission. Well, you should have backed Mrs. Botts."

"Um. Some Tatar! Princess, there's more politics in a big fair than in a presidential campaign."

Judith looked at her tiny wrist watch. "I've just fifteen minutes."

"For what?"

"To catch the second division."

"But your plan?"

"Just to go—and make something happen! May I?"

She was already at the door, her face eager, sunlight tangled in her joyous brown eyes.

The editor sprang to his feet, took three strides to the outer door, and called to his chauffeur, who was lounging near the car, "Get Miss Wells aboard that second division of Number One! If you fail, you needn't show up any more!"

WHEN Judith arrived at the fair grounds with her protesting mother in tow she went directly to her State building. In the main exhibit hall a few people gazed with dutiful but uninspired interest on a great central pyramid of wheat, timothy, and rye that lifted itself to an exalted tuft from a solid base of rosy-red and banana-yellow apples. Round the walls were other farm displays. Judith darted away from her mother to the rear of the hall, pushed open a door, and gazed into a large reception room, designed as the scene of the afternoon's festivities,—a few chairs disconsolately enduring their dust, a closed piano topped by a vase of faded and odorous dahlias, and desolation,—that was all. Not a sign of bunting or flowers, not even a table on which might stand the inevitable bowl of punch!

Judith's heart sank. She went out into the sunlight—and what a gay scene it was! The crescent of buildings glowed white and beautiful in their emerald setting, a band began to play over beyond the Rainbow Fountain, and Judith's feet caught the time. She went down a way of roses to the lake where canoeists invited. She wanted to jump in and paddle off—all summer she had had no canoeing. From the Trail came strains of weird, flat oriental music: it got into her veins and supplanted the athletic mood with golden dreaming.

She abruptly left the lake for the Trail, where she watched camels humping along led by aloe-eyed Arabs; she bargained for trumpery tinsel with turbaned merchants of the East, passed the barkers—oh, there was so much to see, and only this one little day for it! And with the thought there came back her State building. Who would leave the thrilling sights and sounds

of a fair to go to a stuffy hall and shake hands with a few Latoona women, even if she should find some women whose hands would consent to be shaken? Her purpose rocked; but it didn't quite fall. Judith was a born newspaper woman. As she had passed from attraction to attraction she had been all the time subconsciously on the lookout for a clue, a tag end, a something on which to hang a plan.

She stopped before the Auditorium. What was going on inside? Judith went up the glaring white steps, pulled back the door—and realized all at once where the crowd was. The place seated perhaps ten thousand people, and it was packed. A Chinaman was speaking. He had all the tricks,—story, climax, swift changes from pathos to humor. He held his audience. Judith asked an usher for the speaker's name. He handed her a program, pointing to a line, "Yen Choo, Diplomat, of China." Her eyes went over the vast audience. All these people spellbound, and it was well after the noon hour. He held as nothing else on the fair grounds held; he had drawn as had nothing else.

The speech ended soon, and the crowd, aware at last of their stomachs, poured rapidly out. Judith waited, and followed Yen Choo. With the pleased expression of the oriental in the presence of beauty, he paused by the Rainbow Fountain and watched the play of motion and color. Judith went nearer.

"If you please, your Excellency—"

She wasn't at all sure how one should address a distinguished Chinaman; but she risked "Excellency" and curtsied in her best schoolgirl manner.

Choo turned and bowed low to the pretty girl whose eyelids drooped so deferentially.

"I am a committee from the ladies of Latoona, who are holding a reception this afternoon in their State building, at four. I am to invite you to be present and bring us a message from China. Latoona is friendly to China—and—and sends greeting, your Excellency."

His "Excellency" bowed again, very gravely. "I shall be most happy to meet the ladies of Latoona," he

answered with Chinese directness. "What building did you say?"

Judith explained; then curtsied again and hurried away, her heart thumping wildly. Always she was frightened after she had done her daring deeds. There was no time to be frightened beforehand: she didn't consider them long enough.

"Everything's all right, Mommy," she exclaimed excitedly a few minutes later, forestalling protests. "I'll tell you while we eat. Come on!" She hurried her parent across to a cafeteria, and getting something on her tray—she didn't notice what—began at once.

"You must be three whole committees, Mommy. I saw a gardener cutting masses of roses, and I know he will give you plenty for decorating. Then there's the punch. Get it from a lemonade stand and charge it to—just anyone, the commission, or 'The Morning Mist'—whoever they prefer. And music! Mother, ask the guard where you can get music. Now don't fail me, and don't listen to another soul; but just do all the reception stunts you know so well how to do, while I go and hustle a receiving line. For we've got one guest promised!" Already she was crumpling her paper napkin, having swallowed at least two bites of a sandwich.

Poor Mrs. Wells didn't waste breath voicing her protests. As Judith's brother Sam said, Judith would go over a skid road to the moon for a story, and drag her family along if necessary. Her "family," while not reconciled, was in a measure submissive.

JUDITH rushed madly out of the restaurant intent on finding a card writer whose stand she had noticed earlier, and plump into Helen Worthington, a popular Latona society girl and her oldtime school friend.

"Oh, Helen!" she exclaimed. "I am so glad you wore a white frock and that cerise hat! It looks the part—so receptiony! If I'd only worn something white!"

"Aren't you a trifle mixed, my dear? I've a launch party."

"Bring it!"

"What to?"

"My reception. You've got to be the receiving line, you and your launch party. At four—you must! Oh, Helen, you helped me so with the babies—and this is just as bad!"

"But, Judith, we are to be on the lake till six, then dinner. Cut the stupid old reception and come with us. You never have a bit of fun any more since you went on 'The Mist.' I'm going to take your editor to task for working you so hard. Anyway, one of 'The Mist' men, that handsome blond, Mr. Bennett, is with us, and he says the bottom fell out of the reception."

"It hasn't, and it won't—unless you fail me. Oh, Helen, you never did in your life—before!" It was a wail.

"But, Judie dear—my launch party!"

"But, Nelly darling—my receiving line!"

The two girls stared at each other with eyes that bored in,—the beautiful society girl with never a care

but for the continuance of "good times"; the piquant newspaper girl with her whole intense being focused on turning a failure into a success. Business and necessity—and maybe something nestling nearer the heart line—won.

"All right, Jude; but you are a perfect little pest!"

"How many?"

"Eight."

Judith squeezed her hand. "Thank you a million times! And some day, Nelly darling, I may be in a position to do something for you; and I'll do it—no matter what it costs me!"

The card writer soon had his orders for two sets of placards, one reading:

WELCOME, WASHINGTONIANS!

Hear Yen Choo

At Four

LATOONA DAY: STATE BUILDING

The other read:

WASHINGTONIANS!

Register at Once!

Important!

And then she had another idea. Big receptions generally had men in the line to lend gaiety and keep people moving. Wouldn't it be a proper compliment to the fair officials— It would! She set off at once for the Administration building. And of course President Wood objected at first; but equally of course he agreed later. He even agreed to bring several members of the Governor's staff whom he knew to be on the grounds. Then Judith flew back to her card writer, and securing hammer and tacks set out personally to place her placards where the crowds couldn't miss them.

At three she was back again in the State building. Everything was going beautifully. Her mother, all the time protesting in her soul, had been busy. Roses smiled from every part of the room, the piano was open and dusted, a pretty Japanese table held an inviting bowl of punch. For the next hour Judith hovered near the register on the lookout for eligibles for her receiving line. She had lived in Latona all her life, and her newspaper experience of the last months had given her additional insight into who was "somebody," who was just possible, and who wouldn't do in the very least. Many people in the State she knew by name; and as they stopped to register she invited them to return later to the reception and speech of Yen Choo, or to remain and help receive, as the case warranted. She had just escorted her thirtieth eligible to the reception room, when Helen and her friends arrived in gay mood. The liveliness of the smart party of society girls and their escorts infused new life into the whole enterprise. Bennett was a brilliant success socially, and Judith began to feel easier in her mind.

Then came President Wood and four of the Governor's staff in imposing army dress. Judith had barely completed her introductions when she saw through the window his "Excellency" Yen Choo.

"Girls, in line, quick!" she called. "Our most distinguished guest is approaching!"

HELEN assumed the responsibility, and with Mrs. Wells formed the line into a nice, stiff, white-gloved row that reached from the door half round the hall. It was beginning to be great fun.

His Excellency entered. Judith introduced him to her mother, who introduced him to Helen, who passed him on to President Wood, who passed him on down the waiting line of hands. Judith, watching, grew tense again. What would happen to her reception when everybody had shaken hands with Yen Choo? She looked out the window: not a sign of a guest in sight! She looked down the line: already they were beginning to appear stiff and self-conscious, each trying to make conversation with the one nearest while on the lookout for more arrivals. Helen and her friends were growing slightly hysterical, but enjoying the situation hugely; while the awfully good looking Bennett smoothed back his very blond hair, and for once seemed concerned. Judith looked to her mother: that lady was tiredly apathetic.

Judith couldn't stand it another second. She slipped through the door into the display room. A number of farmers' wives with free samples of every breakfast food and dessert gelatin under the sun hung from their wrists were moving heavily about staring at pumpkins and potatoes. Wildly Judith rushed to the outside door. People were loitering along the path; but none appeared to be reception guests. Several members of a string band came into sight, and Judith dashed out, intercepting them.

"Please," she pleaded, "come over here by the Washington building and play for a few minutes. I'll pay you—anything! I must have a crowd quick!"

The men looked at one another, at the pretty, beseeching face, and the leader said, "Certainly, Miss. Glad to accommodate you." They ranged near and began. The loitering sightseers let their feet follow the music as idle crowds ever do, and as they grouped near to listen Judith moved about among them, and gave her invitation:

"Won't you go in? It's Latona Day. Mr. Choo, the great Chinese orator, is to speak. Yes—it's free. You have only to shake hands with some people, then have some nice cold punch and find a good place to listen. Won't you go in?"

Over and over she repeated her invitation, sending them in at first by timid twos and threes, then by dozens—and hundreds. She gave herself over with mad abandon to the necessity of guests. She spurned no one. Fat farmers' wives weighted with free samples, tired small-town women loaded with lunch boxes and dragging along mussy children busy with the tag end of an all-day sucker,—Judith riotously marshaled them all in, along with the few primmer folk who came white gloved and correct.

At last she wondered what it was like inside. Were they behaving well, her guests, shaking hands as they should? She decided to peep. Just then a khaki-clad photographer came along, an official one, known by his uniform. She raced out and stopped him.

"Come get a flashlight of the Latona Day reception," she demanded. "It's just ripe! I'm with 'The Morning Mist.' It's a rush order," she persisted, as the man hesitated. "I must have the plate to take back with me on the five o'clock. You can telephone afterward for orders."

Again that good nature typical of fairs prevailed. They edged their way in. The reception was doing nobly. The line was smiling, mopping, wilted, but joyous. The gay society girl touch had done more to brighten it up than could a regiment of correct club women of the Botts order. Choo was in the line beside Wood, and everything was beautiful.

A glaring flash, a cloud of white smoke, exclamations and tittering, a whispered word from Judith to her mother, and the small brown figure pushed its way out after the khaki-clad one.

"Give me the plate," she demanded excitedly, "and show me where I can get a taxi—quick!"

AT ten o'clock that night Franklin Jones sat at his desk in "The Morning Mist" office, waiting. All afternoon he had waited; all evening he had waited; but there had been no word either from Bennett or from Miss Wells. He had just about given up. The editor was not jocular now. Papers rose or fell by just such little local twists as this. It took a wise editor to cater to a middle-sized city. Was independence worth

the struggle? He was about to answer "No!" when the swinging door burst open, and Judith burst in, eyes shining, cheeks flaming, a thick mass of copy paper in one hand and a photographic plate frame in the other.

"It's in time, isn't it? Oh, surely it's [in time!]" she gasped, placing both offerings before him. "The train was late!"

"Bless you, yes!" He rang a bell

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He continued to regard her with an admiration all the editor's—and yet not quite all the editor's.

WORTH WHILE FOLK BOSS OF A CITIZEN FACTORY

WHAT is the crying need of this country?

Down on Wall Street they say it is money. In the South it's the eradication of the hookworm and the boll weevil. In New England it is a beneficent tariff. In the Central States it alternates between a superior brand of hogs to eat the surplus corn and a superior brand of rainfall to make corn enough to feed the surplus hogs. On the Pacific Coast—but, California having settled its Japanese trouble to its own satisfaction, they are too busy getting ready for the fair to bother with much else.

It's all a matter of geographical viewpoint, then, this crying need of the Republic. Suppose we try for a less insular viewpoint from a man who has made a life study of the problem. If you ask Judge Willis Brown, formerly Judge of the Children's Court of Salt Lake City, later Judge of the Parental Court of Gary, Indiana, and now head of Boys City, near Charlevoix, Michigan, you will get your answer with the suddenness and enthusiasm of a zealot.

The crying need of this Republic is better citizenship. So says Judge Brown. And then he drives home the argument with forceful illustration. Whether he is lecturing on the Chautauqua platform, matching wits with the lawmakers at Washington, where he has a bill intended to change the whole attitude of the law toward the boy, or panning out the heart of one wayward boy for the nugget of virgin gold that must lie there, Judge Brown is always ready with forceful, homely illustration.

"Why," he will explode, with a flash of his eyes, "why, when the State of New York faces the most interesting political situation in the history of the nation, the impeachment of a Governor, I saw in New York City the other day six men languidly conning the bulletin board, while around them hundreds were rioting to see the score go up for the next inning! Is that citizenship?"

And again, "We are spending millions to improve the breed of hogs. How much are we spending to make citizens of our boys?"

That is his lifework, making citizens out of boys. He is the boss of the citizen factory; his plant, Utah, for which he wrote the model children's law; Gary, Indiana, where he applied the parental court idea to the public school system; on the Chautauqua platform, where he is constantly pleading the case of the boy; or in Boys City, where he is working out his highly advanced theories under ideal conditions. The raw material comes out of the city slums, the riffraff, the abandoned, the boys that are generally classified under the head of "juvenile delinquents." The more delinquent he is, the more anxious is Judge Brown to feed him into the cogs of the citizen factory.

THE citizen factory, like most great industries, began in a small way. Its first home was a country schoolhouse in Oregon. That was only a scant fifteen years after the "Boss" was born in 1871 in Grundy County, Illinois. His father was an itinerant Baptist preacher, and the jump from Illinois to Oregon contained so many intermediate stops that Judge Brown does not even remember them all. Young Brown started the factory with only one form of capital; but that was the one asset he needed. He understood boys. Even at fifteen he could get right down to the bedrock of boy psychology. And there he always found the gold.

One experience from the Oregon school will suffice to illustrate the fundamental theory upon which his lifework has been built. It wasn't even a theory then. It was just downright boy knowledge.

Most of the boys in the school were older, stronger, and tougher than he was. A contest meant defeat. He determined, at the risk of throwing the school board into apoplexy, to avoid this conflict by upsetting all approved traditions of school discipline.

"Come to school when you please. Go when you please," he told the astonished pupils. "If you had rather go fishing today than go to school, go fishing."

For a few days that school was a riot of lawlessness. Then gradually the great underlying principle began to bore its way home. It was this, "The school board pays me to teach each one of you five hours a day. I'm going to play the game square with the school board, or I'll not take their money. I expect to teach everyone of you five hours. It doesn't make any difference to me whether it's five hours today or ten hours tomorrow."

Thrown on its own honor and responsibility, that school became a model for miles about and the constant wonder of the birch-wielding pedagogue. The system tamed the



Judge Willis Brown.

biggest and the baddest boy in the county, whose pet diversion was chewing tobacco in school and spitting at the girls' feet. Did young Brown attempt to stop him? No. That would mean a contest and a sound thrashing—for the teacher. He built a rampart of scantlings round the boy's desk, filled it with ashes, and urged him to indulge his pastime. The nickname "Ashheap" did the work, just as he knew it would.

NOW, a boy who could think that out at the age of fifteen and then carry the knowledge through life has certainly solved the boy problem. But right there we are treading on one of Judge Brown's fundamentals. There is no boy problem, he says, any more than there is a caterpillar problem. A boy holds the same relationship to a man that a caterpillar does to a butterfly. We have been fitting artificial wings to the caterpillar, and then condemning him because he does not fly like a butterfly.

The fundamentals of the "citizen factory" sound almost revolutionary. Here are some of them:

"There is no such thing as an intrinsically bad boy. We are making bad boys and potential criminals by the false attitude of society and the law toward youth."

"Original sin doesn't exist. Give a boy a chance, and the original good will come to the surface."

"Teach morals. Morals, not intellect, form the basis of citizenship. Our schools strive for intellect as the all important; then, perhaps, health and a modicum of morals. Reverse this order. Throw a boy entirely on his own resources, demanding only that he play the game square, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he will make good."

That is what Judge Brown is doing with his boys at Boys City. A wonderful place, Boys City, a story in itself, where the boys operate their own city government, their newspaper, their store, their bank, handle their own money—a city in miniature. Recently the townsites of Walhalla, Michigan, has been acquired, and Boys City will soon go on the maps and postal guides.

DOES it work, this revolutionary, iconoclastic citizen factory? Aside from the hundreds of boys who have passed out of the factory to good citizenship, Judge Brown can point to eight clenching arguments. They are eight boys, some of them "hopeless cases," the hundredth boys after the winnowing of the ninety-nine per cent. of successes. Now these eight boys are the finished product of the system, worthy to be admitted as members of Judge Brown's own family, sharing the home with his seventeen-year-old daughter, his sixteen-year-old son, and the baby girl. Everyone is a boy to be proud of. Could you read their histories, and know them now, you would ex-

claim, "Could the old system have worked eight such miracles?"

One illustration of the boys' attitude toward the system: Tony came to the Utah boys' farm by reason of the theft of a hundred dollars. He had not spent the money in riotous living; but had laid it away as the nestegg toward the five hundred dollars that would buy a fruitstand. "Dat kid knows how to take care of de coin," was the judgment of his fellow boy citizens. So they promptly elected him treasurer. He was a faithful treasurer. Now verging on manhood, he will be equally true to any trust of his fellow men. All he needed was the proper viewpoint.

Summed up, the creed of the citizen factory is this: We must beat our birch rods into fishing poles, and turn our reform schools into Republics in miniature.

Back of this whirlwind of enthusiasm there must be an exceptional woman. Think of it, eight "hundredth boys" in the home nest, besides three of her own, to say nothing of an eighty horsepower, two-handed iconoclast! There is just such a woman. She was Miss Josephine Wilson before she became Mrs. Brown in 1892 at Baker City, Oregon.

JUDITH GOES TO THE FAIR

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with one hand, seized the story with the other, and began to run his eye over it. "What happened?"

"Oh, it was great!" Judith sank into the old chair and crushed back among the papers.

A boy appeared. The editor handed him the plate with an order to "rush it through," and the boy flashed out again.

"It was simply great!" Judith repeated. The editor was turning page after page. "I wrote it on a dining car table, and the train jogged so. Can you read it?" The editor, taking no notice, read on, and sketched down headlines:

**LATOONA DAY
UNPARALLELED SUCCESS**
PRESIDENT WOOD, GOVERNOR'S STAFF, AND
YEN CHOO RECEIVE WITH LATOONA LADIES
—SHAKE HANDS WITH OVER 4000—
DOORS CLOSED ON CROWDS AT FIVE!

A second bell—a second boy—the story was on its way to press. Judith dropped back at last, utterly relaxed.

The editor whirled about facing her, and threw off his green eye shade, tousling his thick hair, and giving his heavily lined face a supremely boyish look. His little interviewer was a wilted heap in the old chair, her hat over one ear, her glove bursted (too much tacking), her shoes dusty, her coat crumpled. A greasy gray smudge across her cheek told of impact with a grimy hand, and once smooth bands of hair were released in shaggy curls. But up out of it all, as he contemplated her, came her voice, tired—but oh, so triumphant, "It was great!"

"You are great!" He leaned across his desk and continued to regard her with an admiration all the editor's—and yet not quite all the editor's.

"I—I—created the day!" Judith declared proudly, from her triumphant weariness.

"Of course you did; while that good for nothing Bennett was off—"

"He was launching with Helen; but he helped."

"Helen Worthington?" There was a questioning suspicion in the editor's voice, a drawing up of his broad shoulders, a lifting of his massive head, a challenge in his eyes.

"Yes." Judith sat up. Did he really care, after all, then—her editor? He and Helen had been together a good deal the last summer at the country club; but she had decided of late that there could be nothing in it. Did he care? Helen was so radiant, so darkly, luxuriantly beautiful, and so charming—and a society girl! She was always fresh and uncrumpled: never mussed up. Helen entertained and amused him; while she—why, she only worked for him! Of course he cared! Judith dragged herself to her feet. Tears were in her eyes.

"It's—it's just tired hysteria!" Her voice quavered, with one last heroic effort at fight; but Judith was no actress. "You see—it was great—but it was work."

"Of course it was work, you little whirlwind!" he came back, springing to his feet and opening the door for her. "Sleep tomorrow—sleep all day—and tell me about it afterward."

Sleep? Would she sleep? Oh, had it been anyone but Helen, her dearest, closest friend, Helen—to whom she had vowed allegiance—no matter what it cost her!

Another Judith story will appear in an early issue.

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